

# Love Through Feline Eyes

**ADHORA AHMED**

**Day 1**

Human is very absent-minded today. I've been demanding food for an eternity, but she just keeps staring dreamily out the window, smiling to herself. I yell until I lose my patience and bite her leg, which works because she finally notices me and brings some fish. She then goes back to her dream state.

**Day 5**

Human comes home smelling weird. Turns out she's brought some flowers. She holds them close to my face, even after knowing I don't like the smell. I give a meow of complaint, to which she gives a silly grin. Where did those flowers come from?

**Day 17**

Human is acting very secretive today. At night, I get to know why. Lying on her bed, she stares at that thing with white leaves tied together. While I'm grooming myself near her feet, she suddenly gets up, looking very alert. She tiptoes out of the room and peeks around the darkened house. Her parents are asleep. She comes back in and rummages in her sack, taking out a single white leaf, folded. Human lies back down and stares at it for too long, smiling and blushing. Assuming it's interesting, I take a sniff, only to be confused since it smells

like any other white leaf.

**Day 49**

Human has a strange gleam in her eyes these days. She smiles more often, mostly to herself for no reason. She often comes home with flowers. There are more white leaves she keeps in a box attached to her desk. Some nights, she stays up later than usual, scribbling on white leaves. If she's not satisfied, Human frowns and chucks her tongue in disappointment. Then, she balls up the leaf and tosses it to me. I play with my new toy while she starts anew. By the time I fall asleep, Human is still hunched over her desk, face contorted in concentration, several balls littering the floor.

Today, Human brings one of those small, thin boxes with two holes on them. Late at night, she puts the small box inside the thing which makes strange sounds. Many sounds emerge, some of which make my ear perk up in mild appreciation. I know from Human's expression that she appreciates all of them.

**Day 60**

Tonight, as Human listens to that same tiny box for the umpteenth time, I nuzzle up to her to groom myself to sleep. But a strange scent I've never smelt before wafts to my nose. I sniff Human until I de-

duce that it comes from another human, someone who doesn't live in this house. Who is it?

**Day 76**

I wake up to an empty bed in the middle of the night, almost bursting. I relieve myself in the sandy box and go out in search of Human. The whole house is shrouded in darkness, but I spot her holding that thing – the one these creatures grab whenever it makes a shrill, ringing noise – to her ear. She's so engrossed in the thing that she doesn't notice me at all. Her eyes look soft, even softer than whenever she pets me. I'm very jealous.

**Day 118**

I've grown accustomed to that strange scent to the point I recognise it as Human's own. She still scribbles on white leaves, still listens to that small box, still talks and listens to that shrilly thing. But she does all this when her parents are asleep.

On the other hand, Human's parents give her odd looks. I think they know what she does at night, and they don't like it. If I could speak I'd tell Human what's happening.

**Day 201**

The house is empty today. Human comes home early, surprisingly smelling like her old scent. She brings no flowers, hasn't

brought them for a while. Sensing there's no one but me, she sits on the floor and breaks down in tears. I would've asked for food and attention, but she's really upset. I climb onto her lap, and she hugs me tightly. We stay that way for a long time.

**Day 239**

There are many guests today. There's a guy among them, who looks at Human in a way I don't like. I can tell that Human hates him already. I can also tell her parents adore him.

**Day 2045**

Human lives in a different house now with that guy I don't like. Today, Human finds a small packet outside the door while the guy was out. There was one of those thin round things with a hole in the middle. She's very confused, but she puts it inside the weird noise machine. The sounds that come out are the same ones from that thin, small box the mysterious human sent her ages ago. Yes, I've worked it all out – the flowers, the strange scent, the white leaves – it all came from that mysterious human.

Human knows it too, because she weeps like she never has before.

*Adhora Ahmed daydreams too much. Send her reality checks at [adhora.ahmed@gmail.com](mailto:adhora.ahmed@gmail.com)*



ILLUSTRATION: RIDWAN NOOR NAFIS